



And now along the ocean sands  
She trips, so fetching cute,  
For she's cut her bicycle bloomers down  
And made a bathing suit

## TENDER POINTERS.

Language of the Fan, Parasol, and Handkerchief.

FOR THE SUMMER MAN.

He should paste this column in his hat—Handy for Reference Sake at Mountain, Seashore, and Other Resorts.

(Written for the Dispatch.)  
The following require no introductory explanation. They are printed for the benefit of the summer-girl of 1896. The only suggestion to be made is that the summer-man should cut this column out and paste it in his hat for future reference.

**THE HANDKERCHIEF.**  
Drawing across the lips—Desiring a flirtation.  
Twisting in the left hand—I desire to be rid of you.  
Twisting to the right—I am thinking of you.  
Winding it around the third finger—I am married.  
Winding it around the forefinger—I am engaged to be married.  
Placing it on the right ear—Has your hour changed?  
Drawing across the forehead—Look, we are watched.  
Holding opposite corners in both hands—Do wait for me.  
Holding by all four corners—I love another.  
Drawing it through the hands—I hate you.  
Holding it pressed to the right cheek—Yes.  
Holding it pressed to the left cheek—No.  
Twirling in right hand—I will meet you.  
Twirling in left hand—Appointment.  
Drawing it across the eyes—I am sorry.  
Twirling in both hands—Indifference.  
Drawing across the cheek—I love you.  
Folding it carefully—I wish to speak with you.  
Dropping it—I am sure we will be friends.  
Waving it over the right shoulder—Follow me.

Waving it over the left shoulder—Farwell.

## THE PARASOL.

Carrying it elevated in left hand—I desire your acquaintance.  
Carrying it elevated in right hand—You are far too willing.  
Carrying closed in left hand—Meet me on the first crossing.  
Carrying closed in right hand, held down—Follow me.  
Swinging to and fro by the handle on left side—I am engaged.  
Swinging to and fro by handle on right side—I am married.  
Balancing it on the hand—I am much displeased.  
Tapping the chin gently—I am in love with another.  
Using it as a fan—Introduce me to your company.  
Twirling it around—Be careful, we are watched.  
Carrying it over the right shoulder—You can speak to me.  
Carrying over left shoulder—You are too cruel.  
Closing it vigorously—I wish to speak to you, now.  
Folding it neatly—Get rid of your company.  
Letting it rest on the right cheek—Yes.  
Letting it rest on the left cheek—No.  
Holding it with the handle to the lips—You may kiss me.  
Holding it with the tip of it to the lips—Do you love me?  
Dropping it to the ground—I love you.  
Holding it open directly over the head—Your presence annoys me.  
Carrying it closed under the right arm—I scorn your advances.  
Carrying it closed under the left arm—Am willing to meet you.  
Holding in both hands—I am indifferent to you.

## THE FAN.

Carrying in right hand in front of face—Follow me.  
Carrying in left hand—I desire your acquaintance.  
Placing against right ear—How much you have changed!  
Placing it against left ear—You are as interesting as of old.  
Twirling it in left hand—I wish to get rid of you.  
Drawing across the forehead—Beware, we are watched.  
Carrying it in the right hand—You are much too willing.  
Drawing through the right hand—It is useless to approach; I hate you.  
Twirling in the right hand—You are too late; I love another.  
Drawing slowly across the cheek—I love you.

Drawing across the eyes—I am very sorry for you.  
Letting it rest on right cheek—Yes.



Letting it rest on left cheek—No.  
Opening and shutting it rapidly—You are cruel to me.  
Dropping it in the lap—We will be friends.  
Fanning slowly, with eyes cast down—I am married.  
Fanning rapidly and excitedly—I am only engaged.  
Holding fan with handles pressed to the lips—Kiss me.  
Holding fan entirely shut—You have changed.  
Holding fan partly shut—You are still dear to me.  
Holding fan still and wide open—Wait for me.  
Resing fan, closed, on right shoulder—You share my affections.  
Resting, closed, on left shoulder—I declare war against you.

## For and About Women.

The woman of fact will inherit the earth—if that is the thing she most covets—and she deserves it, for she makes it a very bearable planet to live on. She is the prime minister of society, the family's secretary of war, and the peace-maker of the universe. I think I should prefer to live in a flat with a woman with a temper (and, as you remember, Dr. Marigold said that a temper in a house was bad enough, but a temper in a

of life than generally falls to the lot of any fashion-fancy, but they are still prime favorites in the collar line. The only noticeable change in them is that the bow has, in some cases, moved from the back of the neck to under the chin; but this idea is not nearly as becoming or graceful as the old way, and for that reason not as popular. Laces and fluffs of all kinds play an important part in the neck touches for summer evening gowns.

Stocks of all sizes and colors are on the high wave of summer-fair favor, from brilliant red to solemn black. With big bows and tiny bows, they march at the head of the line of shirt-waist finishings. It is quite the thing to number among one's shirt-waists a navy-blue or black affair, cut on the regular shirt-waist pattern, and to wear with it white collar and cuffs. It is exceedingly neat and stylish. A good many of the silk shirt-waists are made with full fronts, which hang over the belt on the blouse plan.

Edmund Russell says that the ruby, if fine, far exceeds the diamond in value. Their tones more relate to the tones of



the flesh, which is the test in all personal color combinations. The trade value and beauty value of jewels do not always agree. The finest sapphires become mere black spots at night. Rubies should be worn en masse to be effective. Strong-



VEST FRONT

for a dinner, when small electric lights should be concealed among the flowers in such a way as to soften the light very greatly.

## SPELLING PLEURISY.

Result Might Have Been Different If They Had Possessed Patience.

(Chicago Record.)  
The junior Mr. Bottom was digging away very industriously at a brief in the stenographer's room, in the State-Attorney's office, when suddenly he looked about in a panic and inquired:

"Say, how do you spell pleurisy?"

"P-i-double-o-r-a-c-y," said Mr. Morrison. A good deal after the fashion of "pleurisy." They come from the same root.

"I think it's p-i-u-a-c-y myself," the stenographer ventured, and Ramsey and every other assistant in the department had a suggestion to make, and they were making them when a quiet voice spoke from the door:

"Pardon me; I couldn't help hearing your expressions of dilemma. Am I justified in presuming to intrude my knowledge of orthography to set you all right?"

"If you know how to spell pleurisy, you are as welcome as the dawn," said the junior Mr. Bottom. "No apologies necessary."

"Still I must deprecate my intrusion. When educated and refined men are wrestling with a word that makes them spell like steam shovels or mountain goats they naturally consider it impertinent for an utter stranger to interfere."

The attorney looked at one another in some surprise. Mr. Bottom laughed nervously. "It's a pretty tough word. Much obliged to you for offering to square up."

"Don't mention it. You are too good. I do hope I don't intrude, for when people are engaged in ground and lofty spelling, which is unlike the spelling shown in any other menagerie or circus, it is improper and rude for one to disturb them. I apologize freely. You understand, of course, that I don't take your joint inability to spell the word pleurisy as indicative of illiteracy or even of extreme ignorance."

George Washington, for instance, couldn't produce the word parallel without using seven 'i's, and he was a noble and upright man, and shaved regularly. You should feel perfectly easy about not being able to spell pleurisy. There is no need for

blushing in shame. Oliver Cromwell spelled his hat with an 's' where the 't' and 'd' should be. Napoleon, indeed, when attempting English took stage fright and spelled in a manner to frighten timid children off the street. He could conquer worlds, but he could not encompass the word vinegar. He called it vi-d-i-o-l-e-n-t—a distressing fashion of orthography, Alexander.

"Say!" called the junior Mr. Bottom. "are you saying us, or are you going to get around to the word pleurisy some time next fall?"

"Your pardon. I was simply trying to show you that you should not be enveloped in shame for your unfortunate infirmity. I was—"

"Oh, go on away! Get out! Get out quick!" And Mr. Bottom rushed over and slammed the door in the face of the polite man.

"Very well," came a muffled voice from the outside. "Be angry. I only wished to do you a favor and ease your mind. Christopher Columbus could not—"

But Mr. Bottom and his friends took flight to the adjoining room, and the girl went on with the brief with the trouble some word put down as "p-i-u-a-c-y."

## What's the Matter?

(Montreal Herald.)  
Bobby (at the breakfast table): Maud, did Mr. Jones take any of the umbrellas or hats from the hall last night?

Maud: Why, of course not! Why should he?

Bobby: That's just what I'd like to know. I thought he did, because I heard him say when he was going out, "I'm going to steal just one, and—why what's the matter, Maud?"

## He Was Undriven.

(Indianapolis Journal.)  
"When I took you into partnership," said the indignant father, "I expected you to be untiring in your devotion to the interests of the business."

The son took one foot down from the desk long enough to strike a match to light his cigarette.

"I guess I have been," said he. "You never have noticed me tire myself yet; have you, father?"

## Badly Broken Up.

(Indianapolis Journal.)  
"A awful accident at Jones' yesterday," "So?" I didn't hear of it."  
"Jones hit his thumb with the ham-

JAUNTY  
FOR THE SHORE.



mer and immediately exploded with rage, while his wife burst into tears."

Both McKinley and Hobart are lawyers. Mr. McKinley was educated at the Peabody Academy. Mr. Hobart is a graduate of Rutgers College. Both were educated in their home States.

## Reason Enough.

(Washington Evening Times.)  
"Mamma, why is the ocean so angry-looking?"  
"Because it has been crossed so often, Willie."

## Love's Bounty.

(Detroit Free Press.)  
She: And will you buy me a pony, dearest, when we are married?  
He (absently): Wouldn't you rather have a schooner?

## Rallying Song of the Virginians.

(By Susan Archer Tady.)  
"Scott's Wha Hae We Wallace Hied."  
Now, rouse ye, gallant comrades all—  
And ready stand, in war's array—  
Virginia sounds her battle call,  
And gladsly we obey!

Our hands upon our trusty swords,  
Our hearts, with courage beating high,  
We'll fight as once our fathers fought,  
To conquer or to die!

Adieu, awhile to loving eyes;  
And lips that breathe our names in prayer;  
To them our holiest thoughts be given,  
For them our swords be hallowed!

Yet finger not when honor calls,  
Nor breathe one sad, regretful sigh—  
Dying fate, for love we'll live,  
Or for our country die!

No tyrant hand shall ever dare  
Our sacred southern homes despoil;  
No tyrant foot shall e'er invade  
Our free Virginia soil.

Lo! from her lofty mountain peaks,  
Do plains that skirt the southern seas,  
We ring her banner to the winds,  
Her motto on the breeze!

We hear the roll of stormy drums,  
We hear the trumpet's call afar!  
Now, forward, gallant comrades all,  
To swell the ranks of war!

Unflinch on high our battle-cry,  
Where fiercest rolls the bloody fight;  
"Virginia! for the southern cause,  
And God defend the right!"



A SENSIBLE ATTIRE.



FOR AFTERNOON WEAR.

cart was awful, and I may add that a temper in a flat is worse, and I know whereof I speak, then live in the same house with a woman absolutely lacking in tact.

The woman of tact—for tact is frequently another name for presence of mind—does not seek to avoid things when they are hanging over like the weapon of the unfortunate Democles as often as she prepares for them and averts the possibility of their occurrence. She knows quite enough not to communicate any bad news when her husband and brothers and sons have not had their dinner, and when they are awaiting this interesting ceremony, because the natural inclination of mankind is to be more kindly disposed toward communications when the user man had been refreshed by a hearty meal.

She does not reprove the children or the maids when strangers are present, because children and all other dependants naturally look up to high places and are hurt and scandalized when their ideal of justice and dignity is lowered.

The diplomatic woman knows, too, how to administer some just praise to the cook before she tells her that the breakfast was a complete failure. "Bridget, the waffles and chicken this morning were not nearly so good as you usually make them," has a thousand times more effect than, "Bridget, those waffles and that chicken which you sent into the dining-room this morning were not fit for a Christian breakfast-table."

She is as sweet and as welcome as the rose which blooms in barren places.

What do you think is ruffling the alabaster brow of the fair collegians now? What the class which will enter college next autumn will do for a name and a yell!

They can't call themselves '96, nor can they say "the class of 1900," without breaking the college rule that all sentences and phrases shall be clipped until there is the least possible amount left of them.

And as for yell, what will rhyme with 1900? But the honor and the peculiarity of belonging to the closing year of the century probably will atone for these inconveniences.

Almost as numerous as the leaves of the trees are the neck finishings of the up-to-date summer-girl.

She has the majority of her ordinary waists finished at the neck with just a plain little band, which acts as a foundation for the various collar arrangements she has in store with which to change the general look of each waist.

It is surprising the difference such a small thing as a collar will make, but it is a well-known fact to every woman, and she takes full advantage of it. Ribbons and bows have had a longer lease

of life than generally falls to the lot of any fashion-fancy, but they are still prime favorites in the collar line. The only noticeable change in them is that the bow has, in some cases, moved from the back of the neck to under the chin; but this idea is not nearly as becoming or graceful as the old way, and for that reason not as popular. Laces and fluffs of all kinds play an important part in the neck touches for summer evening gowns.

Little bow-like arrangements of puffed and knotted lace or net are handy and bewitching scraps for coolish evenings on porches or to throw around one's neck after dancing.

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stand under Japanese umbrellas covered with flowers, and edged with delicate trailing vines. The idea is a pretty one

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